A YEAR AGO.

CORVALLIS, - - FEBRUARY 13, 1880

Down in the forest a year ago,
Blossoms were falling and skies were gray.
Crimson leaves rustled faint and low,
Blue mists saddened the far away;
A moist west wind in the mourning trees
Bearing the echo of distant seas.

Ah, little love, I can see you now—
Halt in shadow and halt in sun—
Standing under the beechen bough,
When the flush of summer wast past and For the strange sweet autumn has cast he

Over my love and our long farewell.

Dead leaves drifting about her feet, Crimson and russet, tawny gold; High above her the blossoms meet, Dying—and only a summer old; Our love still blooms through a winter's snow. Since the day we parted—a year ago.

A sweet little picture to lay in my heart,
Wherever my fortune may bid me go;
I bear you too, love—we did not part
Down in the forest a year ago.
Call it a fancy, or what you will,
The dreamy spell that the autumn weaves;
We never parted—I hold her still,
As I won her first in the falling leaves.

COOS BAY BAR AND ITS DEAD.

A LEAF FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF " ROVER.

During my travels on the Northwest Coast I visited Coos Bay in the fall of 1873. The bay is a beautifully situated body of water, supplied by waters flowing from both branches of Coos River Isthmus and South sloughs and a few minor branches and empties into the ocean. On the right, as you come up the Bay, after passing South Slough, is Empire City, a picturesque little village built upon a beach overlooking the sea. Here I concluded to " lay over a trip,"

and see the sights. Accordingly I engaged board at the Lockhart Hotel, and was soon ensconced in a comfortable room, where, unlike many an other "sea hotel," one was made to feel perfectly at home. Being a stranger, I for a time kept secluded, but in a town like Empire one need not remain long ere he finds congenial spirits, and it was so in my case. I soon made the acquaintance of that ubiquitous and ever-entertaining personage, the "oldest inhabitant," and from him learned many interesting incidents of the early settlement of this portion of Oregon. He told many weird leand hair-breadth escapes of hardy sailors who "went down to the sea in ships," and of the noble pioneer women, who walked side by side with the husbands of of their choice in the dark and dreary hours when each twig contained a foe and none were safe from the Indians that roamed the forests.

He related all this to me, and after s few days acquaintance invited me to take a sail with him and visit some points of interest, of which offer I gladly availed

Coos Bay has many attractions, but the bar for me had the most charm. Why it it was so can only be explained by the fact that, being a "tar," I was always restless when not within the roar of the

briny deep.
"Here," said he, as we reached the to reach the outer beach of Point Arago, and many others have gone down 'neath the billows of this bar

The following evening, in company with "Uncle Dave," I went to North and Capt. McAllep, of the Orient, two as fine gentlemen and true seamen as I have ever met. Besides these two persons were Capt. James McGee, of the tug Escort, and Capt. James Hill, of the tug C. J. Brenham. During the evening, the con versation turned on the bar, and tale after tale relating to its treachery was told. Capt. Elliott stated that he believed he could save himself if washed overboard passed he would be numbered among the "dead of Coos Bay Bar."

Two days after the evening's conversation, the Emma Augusta was ready for sea, and it being Sunday. Capt. Hill decided to tow her out over the bar. A crowd of seafaring men were on the dock when the tug started for the lower bay, where the vessel lay at anchor, and several invited guests stepped on board the C. J. Brenham for a trip over the bar, among whom was the writer. Having taken the Emma Augusta in tow, we proceened towards the bar, which was anything but smooth. Gradually drawing nearer we could see the heavy swells tumble in and also break clear across, there being only a small space that seemed at mination were most demanded, soon per-ceived that behind this resolute exterior there was something which made him hesitate ere going too far in case a "turn

back" became necessary.

When off the point of North Spit steam was slackened and the Captain said: "The bar is very rough this morning for the Brenham; what do you think. Capt. Elliott; can we make it? "Oh, yes," replied Capt Elliott. I have crossed out on a rougher bar many a

time. What do you think?"
"All right," said Capt. Jim. And away
we went. We had passed over the worst
without accident, and had begun to a huge breaker began to "comb," and before we could prepare ourselves for the shock broke with tremendous

Every effort was made to save them.

traversed to find the bodies. About two veeks after the accident the body of smith was found and decently interred by the citizens of Empire city, "Uncle Davy" making the coffin; but the body of Elliott never was given up by the treacherous sea, and the "curiew's rest-less cry" is the only requiem chanted above his watery resting place.

We safely returned to Empire City; but the sudden and tragical taking off of two noble, generous men in the full bloom of health had an effect upon all who witnessed it that could not be shaken off in a day. And even now, at times, comes vividly before me the scene of those two struggling bravely for life midst the breakers of Coos Bay bar struggling against hope; endeavoring to avert a destiny that could not be averted. Capt. Elliott! No truer, nobler man have I met. A true son of the sea, a careful and courageous captain, a gentle man of fine feeling, and-an honest man. May he ever rest in peace 'neath the "breakers" of that "harbor bar," until that day when the "sea shall give up its dead;" then may it be my lot to meet him and to know him on the other shore, as I knew him in the walks of life; for he was truly a friend.

About a year after the above event I was again visiting Coos Bay, and was invited by Capt. Magee to take a trip on the Escort over the bar. Not being well, I declined; beside the image of the catastrophe I had before witnessed came too painfully to memory. At this time some thirty vessels were lying at anchor in the lower bay, awaiting a favorable depth of water to pass over the bar, and this day it had been arranged for both tugs, the Escort and Fearless (the latter having been put on this bar in place of the C. J. Brenham, which had been assigned to the Columbia bar work) to go out and sound. As was usual on such occasions, the captains of the different vessels were anxious to proceed to sea, and several of them concluded to go down to the bar on the tugs, among them one Capt. Nissen, of the schoone Twilight. He was a fine young man, and had just returned from "the old country" with a young wife, and this was his first trip since his return. 'He stood high in the estimation of his employers and was beloved by his crew, and all who knew him appreciated his worth as a friend and gentleman.

He, like Capt. Elliott, was anxious to sail for San Francisco, and went to take gends of Indian massacres, hardships a look at the bar. Everything went well, and privations endured by the pioneers, what one used to the sea would call 'rough," although it was breaking. The Escort was in the lead, and unmindful of danger, Captain Nissen and Captain Lorenson, of the schooner Letitia, stood side by side on the house, engaged in an animated conversation. Suddenly the waters began to rise and in an instant the Escert was completely buried under the weight of a treacherous breaker, and Capt. Nissen was floundering in

wrathful waters of that cruel bar. Captain Lorensen would have shared the same fate but for the presence of mind of Captain McGee. As the water swept past him, he felt—for he could not see—an object going past him which he instinctively grasped and held firm until the boat recovered from the shock, when he found he had rescued a human being North spit, "is the burial place of many from certain destruction. Too much brave hearts. And pointing to the angry cannot be said in praise of the nerve diswaters, said: "Several years ago a "ka-played by Capt. McGee, and all who know him will testify that for dians met their death while endeavoring and true courage in times of danger, Capt. McGee has but few equals and no superiors. He is surely the right man

in the right place.

After the Escort had been relieved of the water, attention was turned to Capt. Bend, and there fell in with a jovial crowd of sailors and mill men, among whom were Capt. Elliott, of the Emma Augusta could be seen swimming, and the Fearless was a short distance astern, it appeared reasonable that he would be saved, so the Escort steamed over the bar, turned and started toward the struggling man. Life preservers from both boats were thrown him, but it seemed as though the fates had combined against him, for some drifted almost within his grasp and were washed past upon the could save himself if washed overboard while crossing the bar, but how little did he dream that ere forty-eight hours had passed he would be numbered among came up and threw him a life buoy and a line, both of which he missed, though the buoy he missed by only an arm's length. During this trying ordeal Capt. Nissen never uttered a word. Capt. Hill saw that only one chance was left. To lower a small boat was impossible, and the only chance was to get as close as pos-

sible and try the line once more. Amos Herring, the mate, (commonly called "Jersey"), had another idea, and when the tug neared the drowning man, he slipped a bow line over his body and giving the end to a bystander said: "When I catch him pull us up alongside." He instantly jumped overboard, but too late! Just as he reached the man he sank to rise no more, and "Jersey" was hauled on board more dead than all possible to pass. Capt. Elliott stood by the side of Capt. Hill, near the "manhold"—the protection placed around the Capt. Hill's, by the Master Mariners' Aswheel to more safely protect the "man at sociation with a gold medal, but money the wheel"—and appeared to be in an unusually fine frame of mind at the idea of acts as were that day enacted upon Coos being on his way to San Francisco to spend the holidays, and many a pleasant joke went round. As we neared the bar I saw the lynx eye of Capt. Hill looking steadily ahead, and having been used to the manner assumed by Captains and Mates in times when courage and deterhis children and grandchildren may point with pride to Amos Herring, their ances-

tor, as a hero of the Nineteenth Century. Every effort was made to save Captain Nissen, but all in vain, and after twenty minutes of hard struggling for life he was numbered among the dead of Coos Bay bar, and the next steamer bore to San Francisco the terrible news that his young wife was a widow, for all that was mortal of Capt. Nissen lay low at the bottom of the sea. His body never came ashore, and the probabilities are that as the tide turned ebb shortly after he sank

that it was carried out to sea. Such is the history of two incidents breathe easy—for there is nothing so trying even to those accustomed to "bar work" as going over an angry bar where each breaker threatens to engulf the boat and bring death to all on board—when immediately in front of the boat safely crossed, and so still and so placid that canoes and small boats can safely cross to sea over its bosom; but when it for the shock broke with tremendous fury over the Brenham, sweeping overboard Capt. Elliott and the Mate of the tug, named Smith.

Gross to sea over its bosoin, but when it is in a passion no more majestic sight is seen. The breakers roll mountains high, and their roar resembled the distant thunder of a thousand battle-fields. The angry waters are lashed into foam while but in vain. Poor Elliot was the first to the spray is thrown hundreds of yards succumb, and it is the impression that he into the air. From Point Arago one can was hurt by striking the rail of the boat command a good view of the bar, and when he fell into the sea. Smith was a can for hours watch with intense intergood swimmer, and for a time it looked est its many changes. To the north as if he would reach the beach, but it was not so ordained, and he sank beneath the waves, and his spirit soon followed Capt. Elliott's.

The beach for weeks following was grove of evergreen firs. Here on a clear hold water—only.

day the eye can discern the sail of craft.

bound in, for many leagues at sea; here almost every phase of life is exemplified in nature—the calm and placid waters of the bar reminds one of the happy days of infancy when not a breath ruffles the days of early life; again the disturbed seas as they rise suddenly upon the bosom of the bar reminds us of our first great grief and disappointment that quickly revealed to our eyes being no longer a child we must arouse and, like the billows that arise upon the tranquil bosom of the bar, struggling against an unseen power behind them we, too, must struggle and bravely win the battle of life; and as the waves become more and more angry how forcibly are we re-minded of the many fierce battles fought in life for man's mastery over himself, and of the struggles forced upon us all at one time or another in this life; and as the angry waves swallow up and kill everything within their reach, how vividly do scenes of this kind transpire each day among the sons of men? And again, when the bar has become peaceful and serene, does it not carry the mind to old age? Of one who has fought the battle of life, and in the sere and yellow leaf of declining years sits peacefully down content to wait for the summons that will take him hence to eternal rest turbulent waves of this life?

that will never again be disturbed by the Coes bay bar! what sorrow ye have brought to once happy firesides. Know ye the anguish, the days and nights of sorrow that ye have caused once happy homes to endure, and if so, have you no moments of remorse? No, cruel waters, little care ye; but let us all hope that when the sea gives up its thousands, not one of the dead of Coos bay bar shall be absent, for 'neath you rests the tenements of noble men, whose spirits "went aloft" to their Maker through your treacherous and angry lashings. But who can say that it is not their gain, and that it was but destiny for those brave men to surrender up life to God amid the roar and turmoil of Coos Bay bar? Peace to their ashes, and may we all meet them across the bar that divides the mortal and immortal sphere.

In the Jaws of a Lion.

I was out after porcupines, and was lying down one night near a porcupine's hole, waiting for him to come out. I had no gun, but only my hunting knife and a large knob kerrie with which to knock the porcupine on the nose; for that, as you know, kills him at once. I did not hear a sound until I found the grass near me move and a lion got his paws on me and lifted me up. The brute pressed his claws into me, but, luckily, my leather belt prevented his teeth from damaging me, and he earried me, hold-ing on to my belt and coat. If either of these had given away I should have been laid hold of in a far more rough manner. A lion is like a cat in one thing, he can hold a live creature in his mouth and not damage it, just as I have seen a cat carry a mouse. I knew the nature of lion enough to know that if I struggled I should have my neck broken, or my head smashed in an instant; so I did not struggle, but quietly drew my knife and thought what was best to do. I thought at first of trying to strike him in the heart, but I could not reach that part of him, and his skin look d so loose that I could not strike deep enough, carried as I was. I knew it would be turning myself a bit, I gashed the lion's nose and cut it through. The lion dropped me as I should drop a poisonous snake, and jumped away roaring with pain. He stood for an instant looking at me but as I did not move, he did not seem to like to carry me again. More than once he came up to within a few yards of me, licking the blood as it poured from his nose; but there I remained like a stone, and he was fairly afraid to tackle me again. I know buffalo and an ox are very sensitive about the nose, and a cat, if just tipped on the nose, can't stand it, so I thought a lion might be the same, and so it proved.

"Straw;"

A street car full of passengers was boarded by a man with a book and pen-cil in his hand, and he straightway began taking a vote of the passengers. Some answered and some didn't, and some didn't exactly understand what he was up to. When he came along to a little old woman, with her lap full of parcels and bundles, she called out:

"There is four of us in the family, and we are all grown up; our Christian names are John Henry, Betsy Ann, Melinda and Aaron, and that's all the census you'll get out of me."

"I am not taking the census, madam, he explained, "I am simply-"You raise on your water tax if you dare!" she interrupted. "We'll dig a well before we'll pay another red cent."
"I am not the water tax man; I am

canvassing this car-" "Well, you can't canvass me!" she canvassers at the house, and I don't care what new-fangled clothes wringer you've got-I won't subscribe!'

The passengers were all laughing, and

The passengers were all laughing, and he didn't want to give it up in that way. "Madam," he began, "have you any objections to—"
"I won't sign any petition if I die for it!" she shouted; "and now if you don't stop pestering me I'll open this package of pepper and fill your eyes for you, and my husband will thrash you to boot!"

The man with the book let up and dropped off.—Worcester Gazette. dropped off .- Worcester Gazette.

A KENTUCKY JUDGE.—"Some years ago," observed a well-known criminal lawyer, "I had a case to argue before the eccentric Judge Cleary, of Kentucky. While waiting for my case to come up I listened to the trial of a brawny ruffian who was accused of stealing two mules. He had been caught riding one and leading the other, and, thought both animals bore their owner's brand's, he swore that they had been fealed on his farm and raised by him. Every point of evidence was against him, but he swore he was innocent with enough oaths to scare an overland teamster. The jury returning a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats, Judge Cleary then asked him: "Have you anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced against you?" "Yes, I have." "What is it?" "I am "Yes, I have." "What is it?" "I am innocent, and I hope God may strike me dead if I'm not." The Judge pansed a moment. Then he said quietly: "As the Almighty has not seen proper to comply with your request, the sentence of the Court is—" and he went on to pro-

The great trouble with profesional ball-clubs is to find a pitcher that will

Servants in Brittany.

A few days ago, under press of circumstances, and because I could not secure our regular marketer, I sent my garcon Thoma to the city ten miles away with a large basket of strawberries for sale. He left here about 4 o'cleck in the morning, arrived at the town before the market hour, sold his strawberries, and ought to have been back here about 10 A. M. Instead of which Thoma, who is a sailor and a jack-of-all-trades, who wears a sort of sailor's guernsey and talks a patois between French and Breton, got into temptation and fell. Drink did it all. Drink lays low the greater part of our poor Bretons. One sees more people helplessly drunk, or maudlin drunk, here far away from towns, in these rural abodes, than even in England, only they are for the most part quiet; they neither swear nor fight. Poor Thoma kicked quiet over the traces. Perhaps he had felt too much of the Englishman's yoke;

perhaps he had done enough work for a month or more. At any rate, he drank

then engaged himself to marry a dirty

little ugly woman who did his washing

(that is, when he did not do it himself)

and finally he bolted away with my

strawberry money, and I have not seen him since. I am grieved, not on account of the money, for I owed him as much in wages, but because now my poor Thoma is gone, I have no sailor for my boat, no one so utterly droll, or so beautifully picturesque, to look at and laugh. For Thoma was the most slipperly sailor, the most idle fellow in the world. He never did half a day's work while I hal him. He waited till my back was turned, and then left spade, vessel, rope or wheelbarrow, without attempting even to put tools away. Only in one way was he ever working happily, and that was the way he knew he was wrong. Under such circumstances he would display an energy worthy of a better cause. Once he went with me to buy a pleasure yacht, but before meeting the owner he agreed with me that he would give his opinion in sly winks. We went on board with the owner, who pointed out the various good points of the vessel. constantly appealing to Thoma for confirmation, and always being backed up by my garcon, but when the owner for an instant turned his back, Thoma screwed up his face into all sorts of contortions, and managed to convey to me his disproval of the purchase. Our other servant is also an experiment, and a failure: The servant's difficulty not only exists here as elsewhere, but it is aggravated by the independence of the

reople, and their exceedingly dirty Here in the country we are driven into the towns for servants. The women work on the land as hard or harder than the men; moreover, they prefer their independent life to service; they like and sabots, than to submit to the neatness and respectability of domestic life. They are also in demand for wives. The peasants marry when mere boys, without any apparent means of living, trusting to Providence, and at worst content with black rye and bread and a lick of greasy soup. Our Jaquette is a jeume fille (which is the French euphemistic expression for an old maid). She will never see fifty-five again, if she be not quite sixty. Yet when I asked if she life or death with me in an instant, so turning myself a bit. I gashed the lion's

who are pilferers, if not robbers, at least in these parts. She is economical to a fault, wastes nothing, almost eats nothing, keeps the men on soup made of greasy water and bits of bread, and puts even the water used in cooking into the universal soup. The other day she sent in peas with a lot of green-looking water, which one of the party disliking, took it into the kitchen to pour it away; Jacquette requested as a favor that it might be put into her own particular plate of soup, and it was. But Jacquette never washes, or, if she does wash, she does not conquer her dirt. She is dirty in person, and dirty in cooking her food She is a bad cook, and smokes every-thing she cooks. She potters about all day, yet she does not even keep the rooms clean. Upon the tadies fall almost all the household work. Why then do we keep Jacquette? First and foremost because we cannot get any better; next, we like her very much for her good qualities, and lastly, because when once we told her to go in a week, the dear old thing was so meek, so patient, so enduring, that we almost wept for her and kept her on.—Cornhill Magazine.

Remarkable Rides.

More remarkable rides than the famous ride to York are upon record. By dint of keeping constantly in the saddle and having relays of horses all along the road, the Prince de Ligne contrived to cover the miles between Vienna and Paris—over five hundred, as the crow formal consent of the Emperor of Austria to the marriage, and the miniature of the unwilling bride-elect. To expe dite his journey, six of the finest horses in the Imperial stables were dispatched to different places on the route, that the Count might change his mount; but the Hungarian roadster he bestrode at the transfer went so fast and staved so well starting went so fast and stayed so well that the relays were not called into service, and the matrimonial messenger arrived at his destination long before he was expected, but so exhausted that he was fain to crave permission to be seated in the Emperor's presence as he delivered up the all important mission, and repeated the Archduchess' message to her future lord. A jeweled snuff box, to her future lord. A jeweled snuff box, sixty thousand francs and the good steed he had ridden, rewarded the Count for his expedition. The Count de Maintenay's feat was repeated in 1874 by an Austrian lieutenant, who undertook to ride his horse, Cardoc, from Vienna to Paris in fourteen days. He was unlucky enough to lose bis way in the Black Forcet, and so wester seven hours and was est, and so waste seven hours, and was further delayed by an accident to his horse; nevertheless, he accomplished his task, with more than two hours to the

It pays to keep a cow-out of the Charles Lamb remarked of one of his critics, "The more I think of him, the

"Goat button shoes" are advertised in the market—just as if they could be goat without propensity for buttin.

Piety in Animals.

Proofs of sagacity involving what would seem processes of judgment, inference and generalization fairly equal those of the average man, have been made familiar to us by the reports of naturalists without number, if not by opportunities of personal observation. Of what acquirements animals of all sorts are capable, under man's skillful and patient tuition, all must be fairly convinced. To this culture of the intellect and the emotions we are taught by Dr. Lindsay to superadd the development of the religious feeling in animals, whether in the form of natural piety or of a kind of ani-mal Kulturkampf. Not only does the dog, for instance, worship his master and learn from his example to display decorum in kirk or chapel, but, in common with many other species outside the pale of humanity, he is capable of religious feeling and action of a direct and spontaneous character. The seemingly be-havior of the Scottish collie in kirk is conspicuous among the attributes which have given that sagecious quadruped its high and well-earned reputation.

Nor is devotional decorum, all impartial critics of the ways of animals will learn with pleasure, confined to a single class of theological opinion. "In France, a Catholic country, on the contrary, dogs attend prayer or mass with their masters exhibiting in the grand cathedrals of that beautiful land a becoming behavior, including a gravity of look and demeanor, silence, and motionlessness, an attitude of apparent attention or intentness, and a probable feeling of awe, produced, it may be, by the dim religious light of such edifices, or by the varied impressive sights and sounds that environ them"—a kind of conduct, in short, only too instructive or suggestive, to irreverent man. Nav. a more emphatic lesson still is taught by his canine companion to many a lax Roman Catholic, since we are taught on the authority of "Southey," (whatever that may be), that "in Catholic countries church-going dogs have been led to the

stage of fasting.' Nor are dogs the only animals that may claim occasionally to be pious. "While collies regularly attend church, they cannot be said, as a rule, to take any active or intelligent part in the service but in the case of the parrot, which is not usually allowed to attend church, the bird not unfrequently takes a prominent and certainly intelligent part in the private worship of it's master household memory, mere attention to the service. The; have been taught moreover, or they go out to service, in fact, scarcely at all. have learned, to repeat man's creeds, to recite prayers, and even, or otherwise in a certain sense, to act as domestic chaplains—as substitutes, in other words for man himself. As in so many other independent life to service; they like cases, the behavior, nay, the very speech, better to dig, or hoe, or weed, or get the the remark or conversation of the bird sea-weed for manure, in dirty clothes are suitable to place, time and other circumstances. Thus a certain English Bishop's parrot is (or was) in the habit of saying—sometimes quite devoutly and with becoming solemnity, at other times sarcastically or ironically, but in either case at proper seasons and appropriately to the circumstances-"let us pray." O another we are told that it could sing in correct time and measure "There is a happy land."-Saturday Review.

ART VESTIGES IN AFGHANISTAN .- A

istan; the results of some recent explor-

ations in the Jelalabed Valley," was read

on Wednesday night by William Simpson of the *Illustrated London News*, at have died, on the same day, in the same the weekly meeting of the Society of week, or in the same month, so that the anniversaries of her life are theirs also. the weekly meeting of the Society of Arts. Sir T. Douglas Forsyth, K. C. S. I., C. B., presided. Mr. Simpson stated that, being for some months last winter in the Jelalabad Valley with the force under General Sir S. Browne, he visited and sketched most of the Buddhist remains in that region. In addition, he made excavations under the auspices of the late Sir Louis Cavagnari, and had brought materials on which might be formed a knowledge of the Buddhist architecture in the valley. The remains are now little more than mounds, the number of which was immense. As the Buddhist establishments were monas-teries, there seemed to have been a pop-ulation of ascetics alone far greater than the whole population of to-day. At present there is neither art nor architecture in the Jelalabad Valley. In the Buddhist period, on the contrary, the country must have been in a high state of civili-zation. A style of architecture was fol-lowed in which sculpture was largely used, and the effect heightened by color and gold. Mr. Simpson gave a large number of interesting details respecting the architectural styles of Afghanistan and India, the various influences to be traced in them, and his discoveries in the Jelalabad Valley. A strangely com-posite character belonged to the archi-tecture of the Buddhist period in Afghanistan. It had received a capital from Persia, a Corinthian capital with frieze flies—in six days. This performance was outdone by the Count de Maintenay, from India. At Venice the architecture who rode the whole distance on one horse, without dismounting. The Count, one of the most accomplished horsemen of his day, was attached to the mission sent by Napoleon to negotiate for the hand of Mary Louise; and was deputed to carry to his impatient master the sculptures he found indicated that this art had made considerable progress. Having expressed the hope that further explorations would be made, he specially described his excavations at the Asm Posh Tope, near Jelalabad, the date of which he placed about 400 or 500 A. D. Mr. Simpson's remarks were illustrated by numerous sketches and photographs. —[Leeds Mercury, December 12th. ENDURANCE OF THE DIGGER INDIANS.

While the thermometer has been hugging zero; while the ears and noses and hands of the white man have been tingling with cold; while the earth has been covered with snow, and ice has formed covered with snow, and ice has formed on exposed bodies of water, the Digger Indian has been displaying his utter lack of sensitiveness to cold. Several of the red men of the forest who come to town daily from the adjacent campooda are conspicuous for thin bodily attire. With a pair of gauzy pants, and a shirt, all ragged and torn, barefooted and bareheaded, they wander about without any apparent regard for the frigid any apparent regard for the frigid atmosphere which surrounds them. A kind-hearted lady saw one of them in this condition passing her house the other day, and asked him if he didn't want a wair of shoes to keep his feet off the ice and snow. "Ugh," he answered "white mahala she wear 'em. Injun he no papoose. He all same big pine tree."

Trying to chew caramels with false teeth ranks with trying to untie a shoestring with mittens on your hands, or to do business without advertising.

The Cologne Cathedral.

Cologne Cathedral is at length aproaching completion, and it is confi dently stated that August next year will see the mighty minster finished. Begun in the very midst of the "ages of faith," when monarchs beggared themselves to raise magnificent structures, of which only picturesque ruins now remain for the world to look at, this extraordinary temple of the Christian faith lagged be-hind all its contemporaries in the work of construction, saw them reach their mature glory, decline, and sink to ruin itself being all the time an unfinished fabric. The first stone of Cologne Cathedral was laid in 1248, about the time when all the grandest eclesiastical edifices now left, perfect or ruined, in Europe were either just finished, or, like Notre Dame, in Paris, were in rapid progress; but while the most elaborate of them took only three centuries to bring to perfection, Cologne Minster has absorbed more than double the time, and is not finished yet. It is unnecessary to give all the reasons of this delay. Suffice it to mention a "personage" not to be mentioned without extreme caution to ears polite, hindered the work from the beginning with a pertinacity only natural, perhaps, under the circumstan-ces, and that this supernatural "obstructionist" succeeded so far that only after a lapse of six hundred and thirty two years will the great fabric be hailed as a perfected christian temple. It took nearly three centuries—that is, from 1248 to 1517—to complete the choir, and since that date it has required liberal aid from nearly all the sovereigns of Europe to keep the construction going. The cathedral is 510 feet long and 230 feet broad; the nave is supported by 100 columns, the four central of which are no less than 40 feet in circumference; the choir is 160 feet in height, and the two great towers are each 500 feet high. What now remains to be done is the last stage and crowning decoration of the stately towers. The massive caps of stonework have to be laid on, and then on their summits have to be fixed the gigantic "foliated crosses," almost 30 feet high, which are to crown the towers and proclaim to all the world the faith to which the work is dedicated. This done, Gothic architecture will be able to point to an acknowledged masterpiece, and the bones of the 11,000 virgins may rest quiet in their shrine. It is only to be hoped that when next August arrives Europe will fitly celebrate the occasion on own merits, without inquiring too curiosity into the value of the accompanying legends. THE Ex-QUEEN'S RECEPTION. - The

dressed woman in the theater, but all honors of the evening were for the Queen-mother, Isabel. The King and Young queen were only looked at when they entered, but when Queen Isabel came to the front of the box there was universal murmur of applause, admiration and affectionate greeting, and in the bull-fight the next afternoon there was positive enthusiasm. The crowds there, always noisy, saluted her with roars of applause, and all along the Calle Alcala coming home she was the object of the most boisterous demonstrations from the people. This reception for Queen Isabel was scarcely expected, still it surpaper, entitled "Art Vestiges in Afghan- prises no one. For the women of their generation in Madrid, she is the sister of all; her children, too, were born when their were, and some of her little ones have been taken just as theirs, too, And the great, generous heart that beats under the ample bosom of the frail, faulty Isabel has prompted the willing hand to so many charitable actions, so much has she given to starving widows for the education of their sons, to fathers struggling under the weight of large families and ready to perish, to needy Generals who have led their hosts to battle, and to impoverished authors, that it is utterly impossible for the people of Madrid not to love her, although they cannot respect her. [Correspondence

> LONG PARLIAMENTARY CONNECTION .--The most remarkable instance of a long Parliamentary connection is found in the little borough of Caine, in Wiltshire, for Sir Lionel Duckett, who was Lord Mayor in 1572, purchased the hundred of Caine, and his nephew, Stephen Duckett, was returned for the borough in 1684. Caine was represented by a Ducket without interruption from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to that of George III., when the manor was sold in 1765 to Lord Shelburne, the ancestor of the Marquis of Landsowne. The in fluence of the Lord of the Manor is still paramount in spite of the reform bills and the ballot, but the sitting member will scarcely secure his re-election on such easy terms as his predecessor in the last century, for all that the burgesses of Caine expected from their representa tive in 1754 was a buck-feast ever year, and ten guineas for wine to drink his health. The connection of the Masters with Cirencester is of still longer duration, for George Master of the Abbey, was returned for the borough in 1586, and his lineal descendent, Charles Master Jr., the heir apparent of the Abbey, is the sitting member in 1878. But although the Masters have in almost every generation represented Circnes-ter, they have not held the seat without interruption as the Duckets did at Caine. The Athenseum.

At a certain church not ten thousand at a certain church not ten thousand miles from Oil City, recently, a man of an enthusiastic nature became convinced of the error of his way and determined to reform. He joined the church, but found it exceedingly difficult to give up all his bad habits. Among other things he had been an investerate swearer, and he had been an inveterate swearer, and his tongue would persist in slipping quite frequently. Last Sunday he went to church, and being sleepy, began nodding. Finally he got his cane in front of him, and resting his head on the handle, went to the land of Nod. He was sleeping sweetly and screnely, when some sinful cuss kicked the cane out, and the newly-converted Christian's head came down on the back of the seat in front of him like a pile-driver, causing him to ejaculate with unnecessary emphasis, "Great God!"

Duchess de la Torre was universally pronounced the most beautiful and best-

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell in the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterwards married?" He looked at her carefully and estimated her at a square 47, with false teeth, and said: "Yes, madame, but I do not know how to swim."

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Have never been broken open and robbed by

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They are carefully and thorughly constructed. THEY ARE THE BEST SAFE Made in America, or any other country. One Thousand Dollars To any person who can prove that one of Hall's patent burglar-proof safes has ever been broken open and robbed by burgiars up to the

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R. N. WILLIAMS, Agent for Oregon and W. T. Office with Hawley, Bodd & Co... 28feb16:9tf. Portland

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